MARVEL COMICS
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR
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FLYING BLIND
PART 1
LOBDELL
HAMNER
MARTIN
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STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR
Stan Lee PRESENTS
FLYING BLIND
1 OF 4
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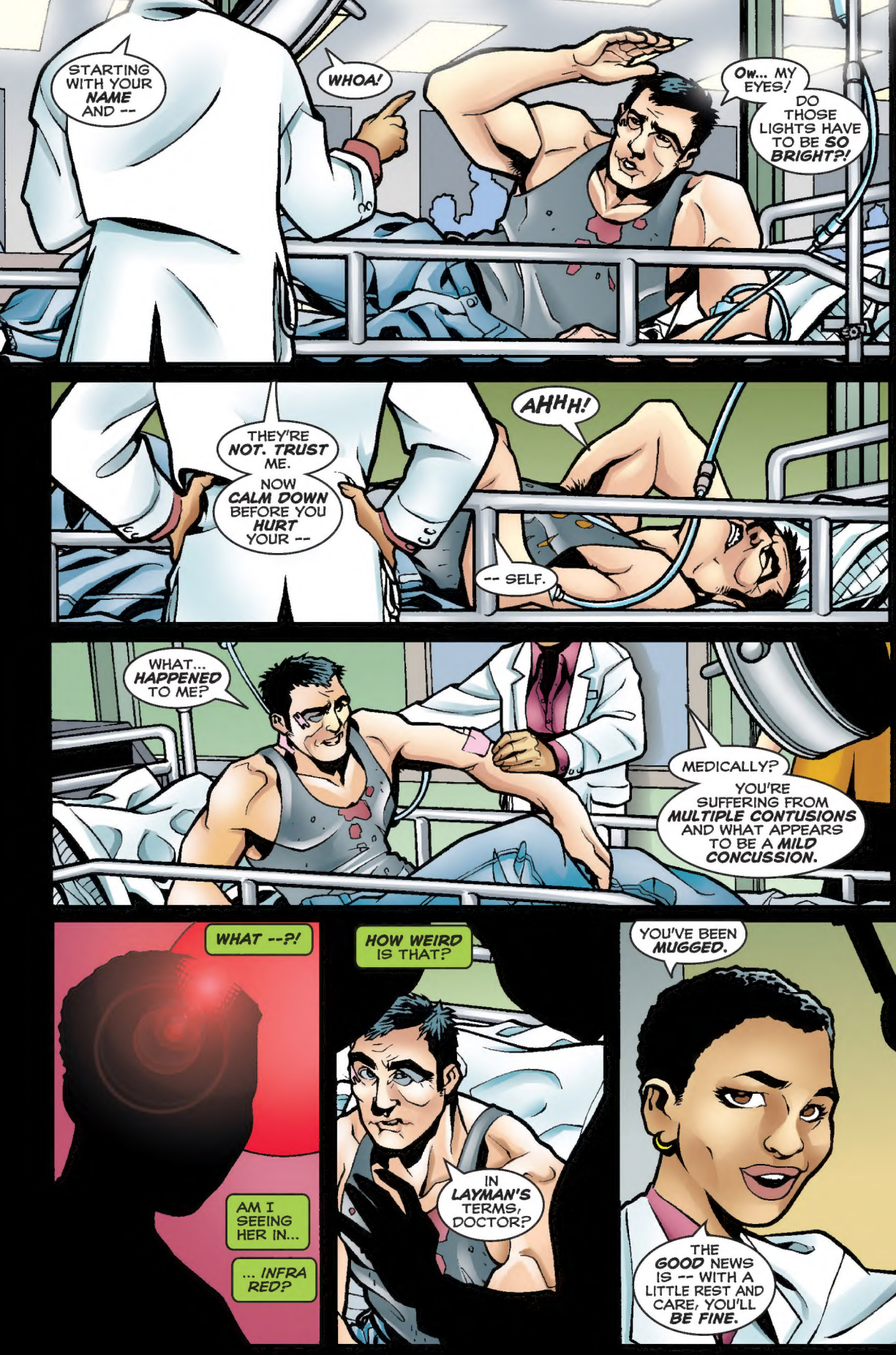
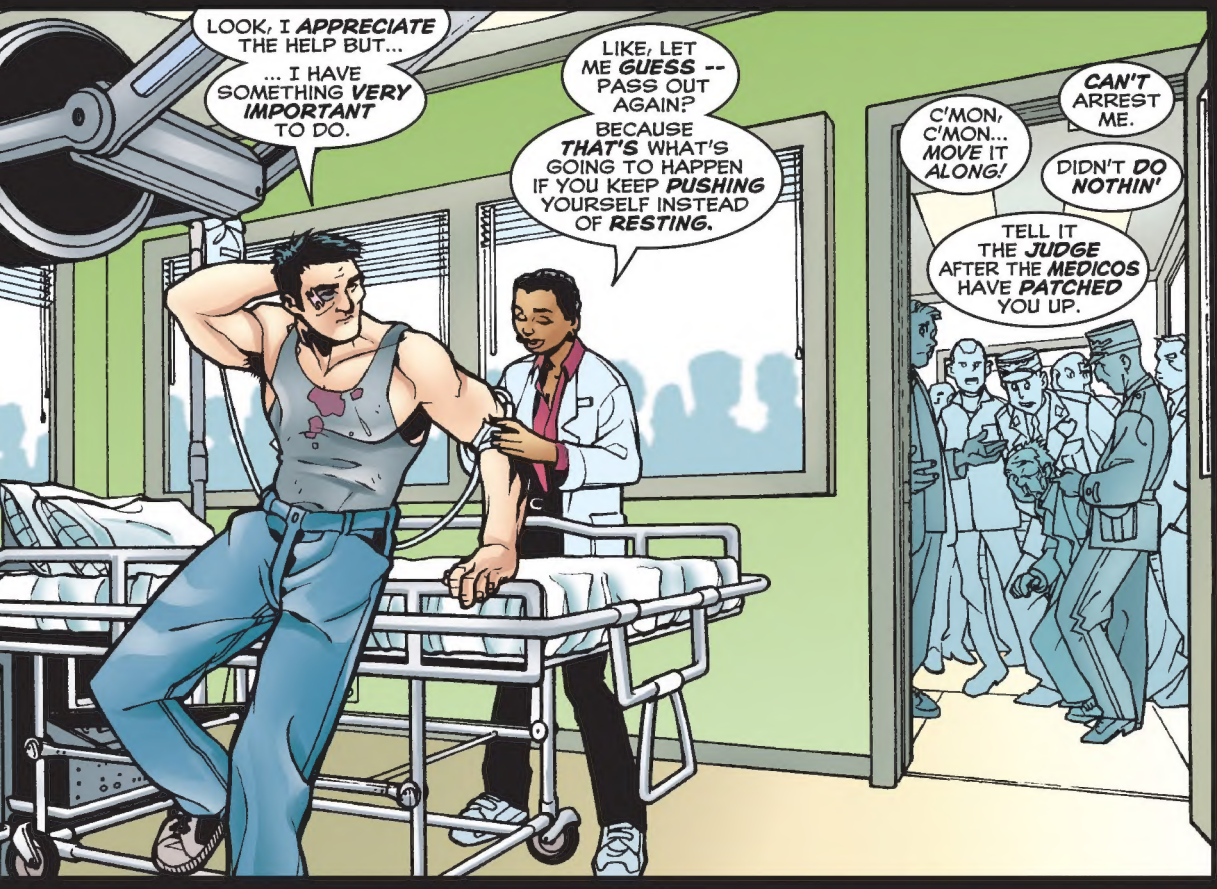
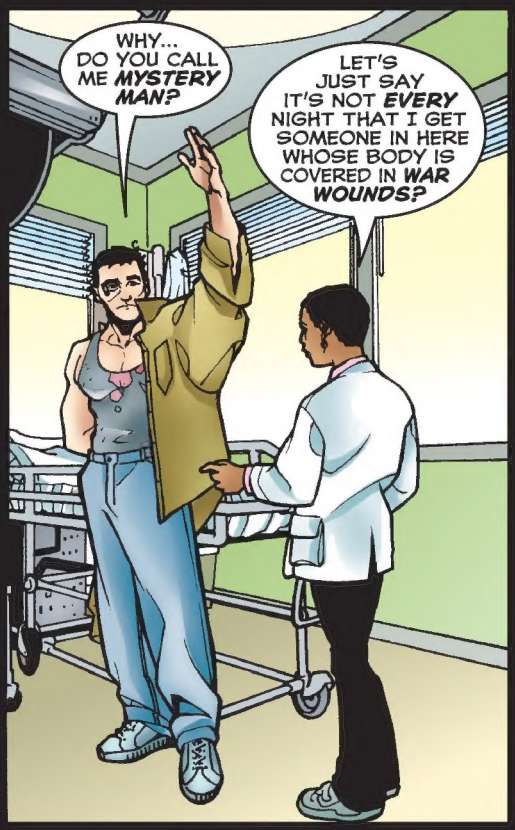
Ow.
IT HURTS.
NOT JUST THE BRUISES...
EVERYTHING.
THE TASTE OF ANTISEPTIC IN THE AIR.
THE SPIDER'S BITE OF THE ADHESIVE CLINGING TO MY SKIN.
THE FLUORESCENT LIGHTS BLINDING ME WITH THEIR... INTENSITY?
BLINDING... ME?
SIR?
SIR, I HAVE TO ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS.

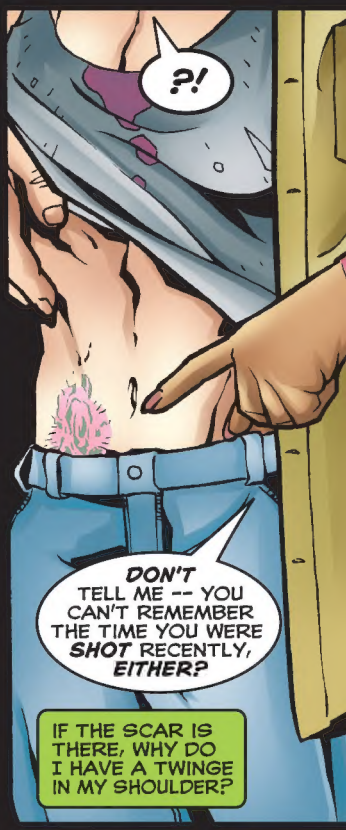

STARTING WITH YOUR NAME AND --
WHOA!
Ow... MY EYES! DO THOSE LIGHTS HAVE TO BE SO BRIGHT?!
THEY'RE NOT. TRUST ME. NOW CALM DOWN BEFORE YOU HURT YOUR --
AHHH!
-- SELF.
WHAT... HAPPENED TO ME?
MEDICALLY? YOU'RE SUFFERING FROM MULTIPLE CONTUSIONS AND WHAT APPEARS TO BE A MILD CONCUSSION.
WHAT --?!
AM I SEEING HER IN...
... INFRA RED?
HOW WEIRD IS THAT?
IN LAYMAN'S TERMS, DOCTOR?
YOU'VE BEEN MUGGED.
THE GOOD NEWS IS -- WITH A LITTLE REST AND CARE, YOU'LL BE FINE.

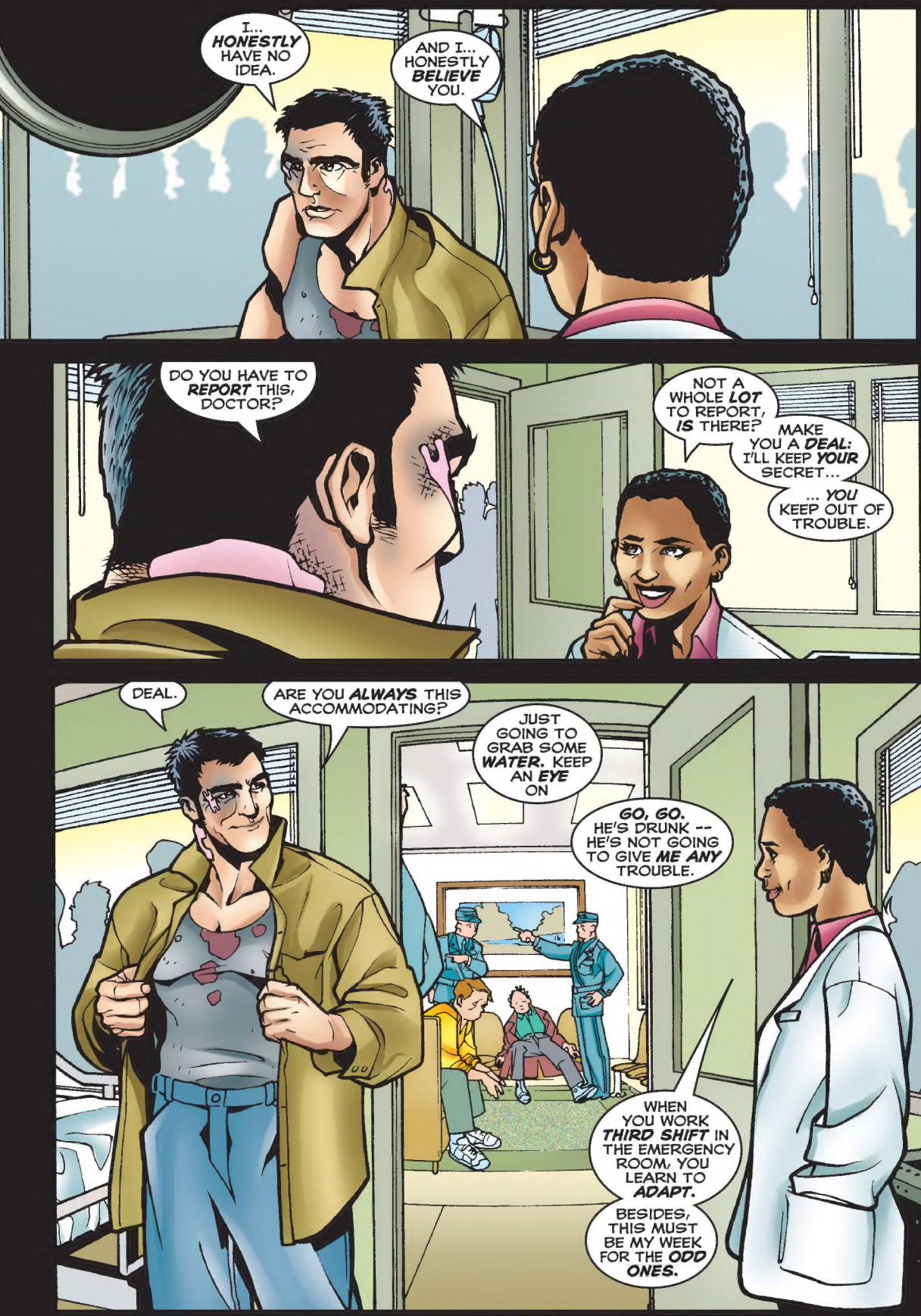
I'M TRYING TO CONCENTRATE ON THE CONVERSATION IN FRONT OF ME.
BUT IT'S DIFFICULT.
IT'S AS IF...
AS IF I CAN HEAR EVERY WORD -- EVERY SOUND -- IN THE WAITING AREA OUTSIDE.
LAURENT SPEAKS LIKE THIS.
"COME HERE OFTEN...?"
"FRANCOIS WILL BE FINE."
"HOLD THE LIFT!"
ODDLY ENOUGH, IT'S ALL IN FRENCH.
ODDER STILL -- I FIND THAT ODD.
I MEAN, I'M FRENCH.
RIGHT?
DOCTOR..?
DUBOIS, CLAUDIA.
WHERE AM I?
AT MOTHER AREIL HOSPITAL, PARIS. MY TURN. YOUR NAME?
LAURENT.
LAURENT LEVASSEUR.
YOU DON'T SOUND VERY SURE.
I AM.
REALLY.
I THINK.

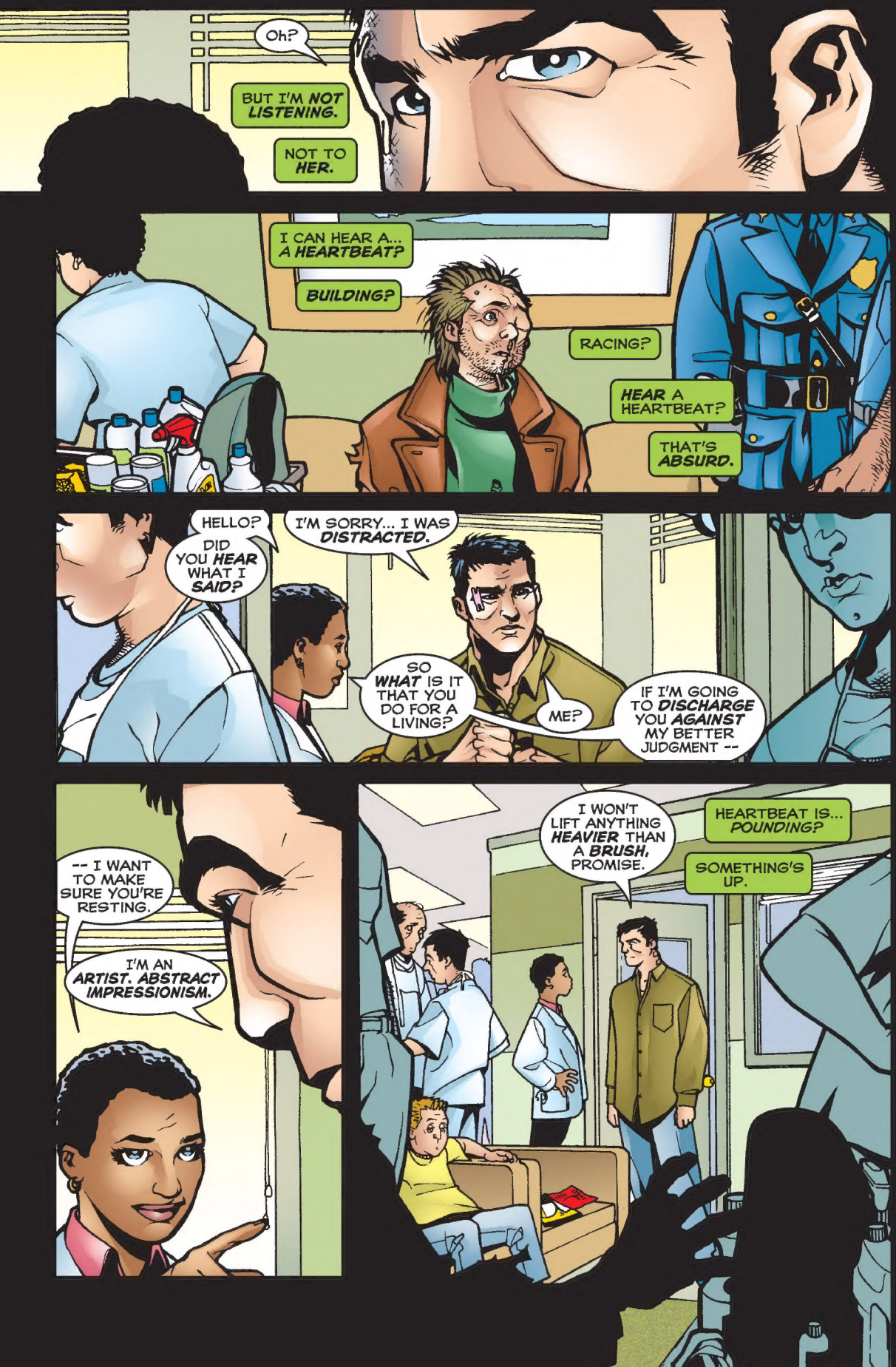

LOOK, I APPRECIATE THE HELP BUT...
... I HAVE SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT TO DO.
LIKE, LET ME GUESS -- PASS OUT AGAIN? BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN IF YOU KEEP PUSHING YOURSELF INSTEAD OF RESTING.
C'MON, C'MON... MOVE IT ALONG!
CAN'T ARREST ME.
DIDN'T DO NOTHIN'
TELL IT THE JUDGE AFTER THE MEDICOS HAVE PATCHED YOU UP.

SO WHAT'S THE BIG RUSH, MYSTERY MAN?
I... DON'T KNOW.


WHY... DO YOU CALL ME MYSTERY MAN?
LET'S JUST SAY IT'S NOT EVERY NIGHT THAT I GET SOMEONE IN HERE WHOSE BODY IS COVERED IN WAR WOUNDS?


?!
DON'T TELL ME -- YOU CAN'T REMEMBER THE TIME YOU WERE SHOT RECENTLY, EITHER?
IF THE SCAR IS THERE, WHY DO I HAVE A TWINGE IN MY SHOULDER?


I... HONESTLY HAVE NO IDEA.
AND I... HONESTLY BELIEVE YOU.
DO YOU HAVE TO REPORT THIS, DOCTOR?
NOT A WHOLE LOT TO REPORT, IS THERE?
MAKE YOU A DEAL: I'LL KEEP YOUR SECRET...
... YOU KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE.
DEAL.
ARE YOU ALWAYS THIS ACCOMMODATING?
JUST GOING TO GRAB SOME WATER. KEEP AN EYE ON
GO, GO. HE'S DRUNK -- HE'S NOT GOING TO GIVE ME ANY TROUBLE.
WHEN YOU WORK THIRD SHIFT IN THE EMERGENCY ROOM, YOU LEARN TO ADAPT.
BESIDES, THIS MUST BE MY WEEK FOR THE ODD ONES.


Oh?
BUT I'M NOT LISTENING.
NOT TO HER.
I CAN HEAR A... A HEARTBEAT?
BUILDING?
RACING?
HEAR A HEARTBEAT?
THAT'S ABSURD.
HELLO? DID YOU HEAR WHAT I SAID?
I'M SORRY... I WAS DISTRACTED.
SO WHAT IS IT THAT YOU DO FOR A LIVING?
ME?
IF I'M GOING TO DISCHARGE YOU AGAINST MY BETTER JUDGMENT --
-- I WANT TO MAKE SURE YOU'RE RESTING.
I'M AN ARTIST. ABSTRACT IMPRESSIONISM.
I WON'T LIFT ANYTHING HEAVIER THAN A BRUSH, PROMISE.
HEARTBEAT IS... POUNDING?
SOMETHING'S UP.

KKLANG
IT SEEMS TO HAPPEN IN SLOW MOTION...
... TO ME, ANYWAY.
THE DRUNK IS ON HIS FEET...
... SWINGING THE BEDPAN...
Ow.
BEFORE THE COP LANDS...

... THE GUN IS IN THE DRUNK'S HAND...
HE'S UP...
... ABOUT TO FIRE OFF A WARNING SHOT...
... HEART RACING...
... THROAT CONSTRICTING...
... TRIGGER TIGHTEN...

TIME TO *END* THIS.
NOW.
ALMOST BEFORE I'VE EVEN *THOUGHT* ABOUT WHAT TO DO...
... I'M IN *MOTION.*
THE SOLE OF MY SHOE MAKING *CONTACT* WITH THE SIDE OF HIS HEAD.
HOW *LONG* HAS IT BEEN SINCE HE REACHED FOR THE BEDPAN?
FOUR SECONDS?
FIVE?
IT'S OVER *ALMOST* BEFORE IT BEGAN.
IF I WASN'T SO *FREAKED OUT* --
-- I'D BE *IMPRESSED.*
DON'T MOVE.

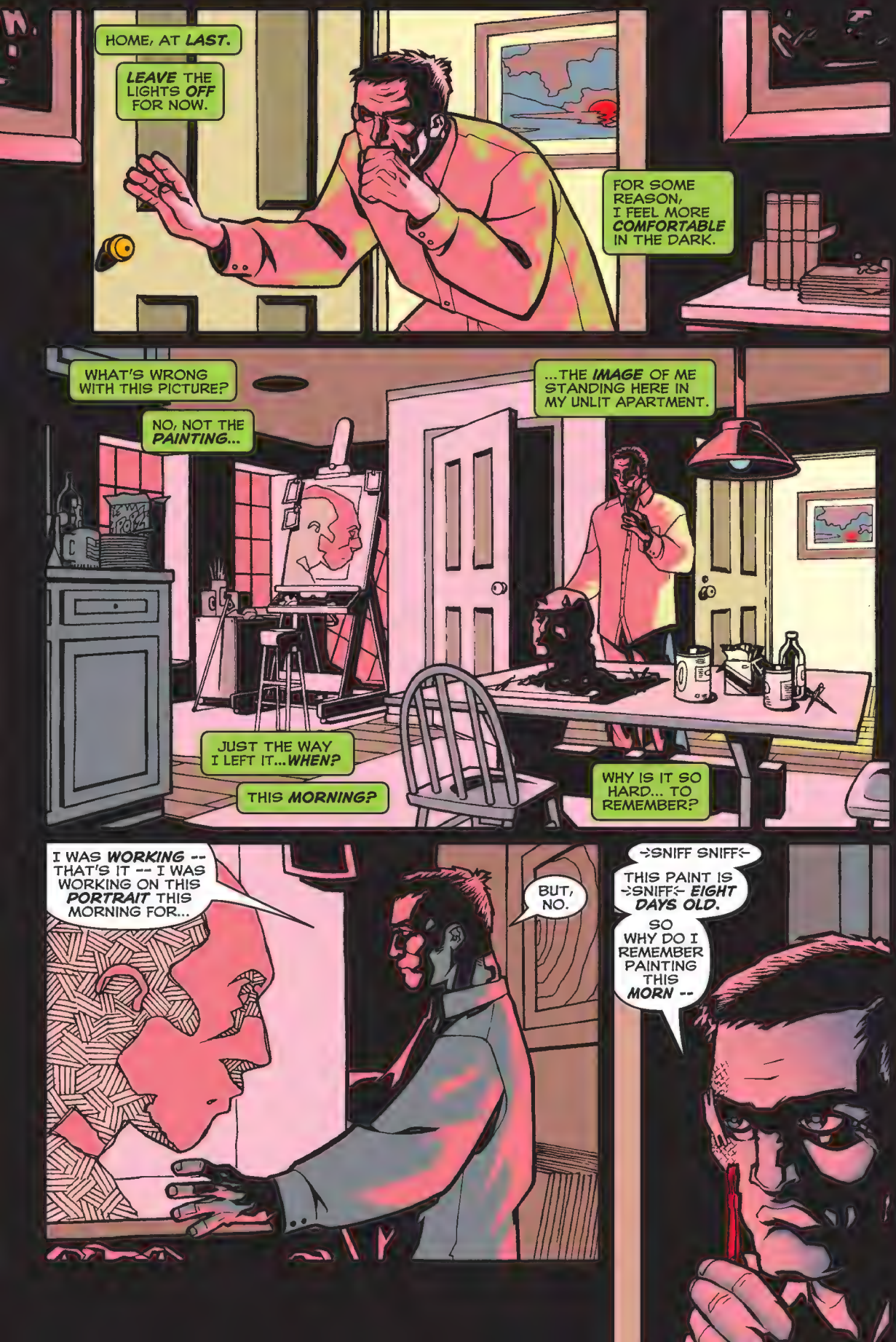
SACRE BLEU! I HAVE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THAT IN MY ENTIRE LIFE!
YOUR QUICK THINKING SAVED US ALL!
"ARTIST," Huh?
HONEST.
IT MUST HAVE BEEN A REALLY TOUGH ART SCHOOL.
IF YOU HAVE ANY PROBLEMS OVER THE NEXT FEW DAYS --
-- MEDICAL PROBLEMS, NOT MYSTERY MAN PROBLEMS --
-- FEEL FREE TO CALL ME.
I'M GIVING YOU MY HOME NUMBER AS WELL.
I START TO THANK HER...
... BUT SHE'S ALREADY GONE.
OFF TO HER NEXT EMERGENCY.
STARING AT THE NUMBERS, I FEEL LIKE I SHOULD...
... FEEL THEM?

CRISE
OUT FROM BENEATH THE DIN OF THE EMERGENCY ROOM --
-- I'M GRATEFUL FOR THE RELATIVE QUIET OF THE STREET.
ONLY WISH I COULD REMEMBER HOW I GOT HERE, HOW I...
?!
DIDN'T SEE... CAR.
...
HORN... EXPLODED... IN MY EARS!
LOUD.
TOO LOUD...
IMPOSSIBLY LOUD!
I CAN BARELY THINK... FOR THE THROBBING...
...WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME?

NEARBY...
I'M JUST SAYING WHAT I'M SAYING, THAT'S ALL.
WHILE I'M SURE THAT IS VERY CLEVER IN YOUR NATIVE AMERICAN SLANG --
-- I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, MON AMI.
I'M JUST SAYING THAT THE LADY DOCTOR COULD BE A PROBLEM.
IF SHE PIECES TOGETHER WHAT IT IS SHE SAW THIS WEEK --
-- IT COULD MEAN THE END OF OUR BIG SCORE BEFORE IT EVEN STARTED.
THAT'S ALL I'M SAYING.
BASED ON THE REPUTATION OF OUR CURRENT EMPLOYER --
-- I DON'T THINK THERE IS MUCH THAT IS CAPABLE OF GETTING IN THE WAY OF HIS PLANS...

HOME.
AT LAST.
THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO CHOKE TO DEATH ON THE EXHAUST FUMES FROM THE BUS.
THOUGH NO ONE ELSE SEEMED TO MIND.
THIS IS THE STREET WHERE I LIVE.
HAVE LIVED FOR THREE YEARS.
ARRÊT D'AUTOBUS
LA MOULES
SO WHY IS IT AT ONCE FAMILIAR --
-- YET COMPLETELY ALIEN...
... AS IF I'M LOOKING AT IT FOR THE FIRST TIME?
MY LOBBY.
MADEMOISELLE, HOW LONG HAVE YOU WORKED HERE?
HOW OLD IS DIRT?
OLD.
THIS MIGHT SOUND STRANGE, BUT... DO YOU KNOW ME?
NOT AS WELL AS I'D LIKE TO, I'M SURE.

Umm...
NO, I'M SERIOUS.
I'VE LIVED HERE FOR THE PAST 3 YEARS. IF YOU'VE WORKED HERE, YOU MUST HAVE SEEN ME COME AND GO BEFORE. NO?
I'M PAID PRETTY GOOD MONEY NOT TO NOTICE PEOPLE COMING OR GOING.
AGAIN... THE SLOW MOTION.
SHE EXHALES THE SMOKE.
...BUT IT DOESN'T FEEL LIKE SMOKE.
HOT!
BURNING!
LIKE SOMEONE SHOOTING FLAME DIRECTLY INTO MY LUNGS!
BUT IT'S JUST... SECOND HAND SMOKE...
...YET IT'S AS IF I CAN FEEL... EVERY BURNING... VAPOR?
HAK! COFF! HAK!
JUST AS QUICKLY... IT PASSES.
HEY, YOU OKAY?
FINE.
COFF FINE.
IF IT MEANS ANY-THING, SNOW WHITE --
-- I WOULD HAVE REMEMBERED A REAL SENSITIVE GUY LIKE YOU!


HOME, AT LAST.
LEAVE THE LIGHTS OFF FOR NOW.
FOR SOME REASON, I FEEL MORE COMFORTABLE IN THE DARK.
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?
NO, NOT THE PAINTING...
...THE IMAGE OF ME STANDING HERE IN MY UNLIT APARTMENT.
JUST THE WAY I LEFT IT...WHEN?
THIS MORNING?
WHY IS IT SO HARD... TO REMEMBER?
I WAS WORKING -- THAT'S IT -- I WAS WORKING ON THIS PORTRAIT THIS MORNING FOR...
BUT, NO.
-SNIFF SNIFF-
THIS PAINT IS -SNIFF- EIGHT DAYS OLD.
SO WHY DO I REMEMBER PAINTING THIS MORN --

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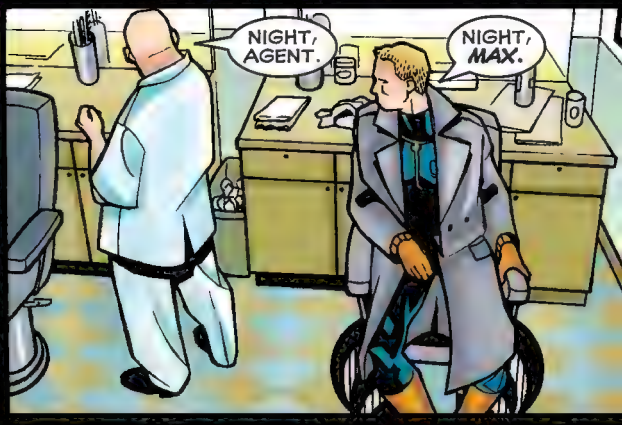
...MY PAST?
WHAT IS IT?
WHOA.
A UNIFORM?
A COSTUME?
WHY IS IT SO FAMILIAR...YET SO FRIGHTENING AT THE SAME TIME?
DID I LEAD SOME SORT OF DOUBLE LIFE?
AM I A SECRET AGENT?
A SERIAL KILLER?
A SUPER HERO?
A SUPER-VILLAIN?
IS IT POSSIBLE --
-- CONSIDERING MY HEIGHTENED SENSES --
-- I'M A MUTANT?

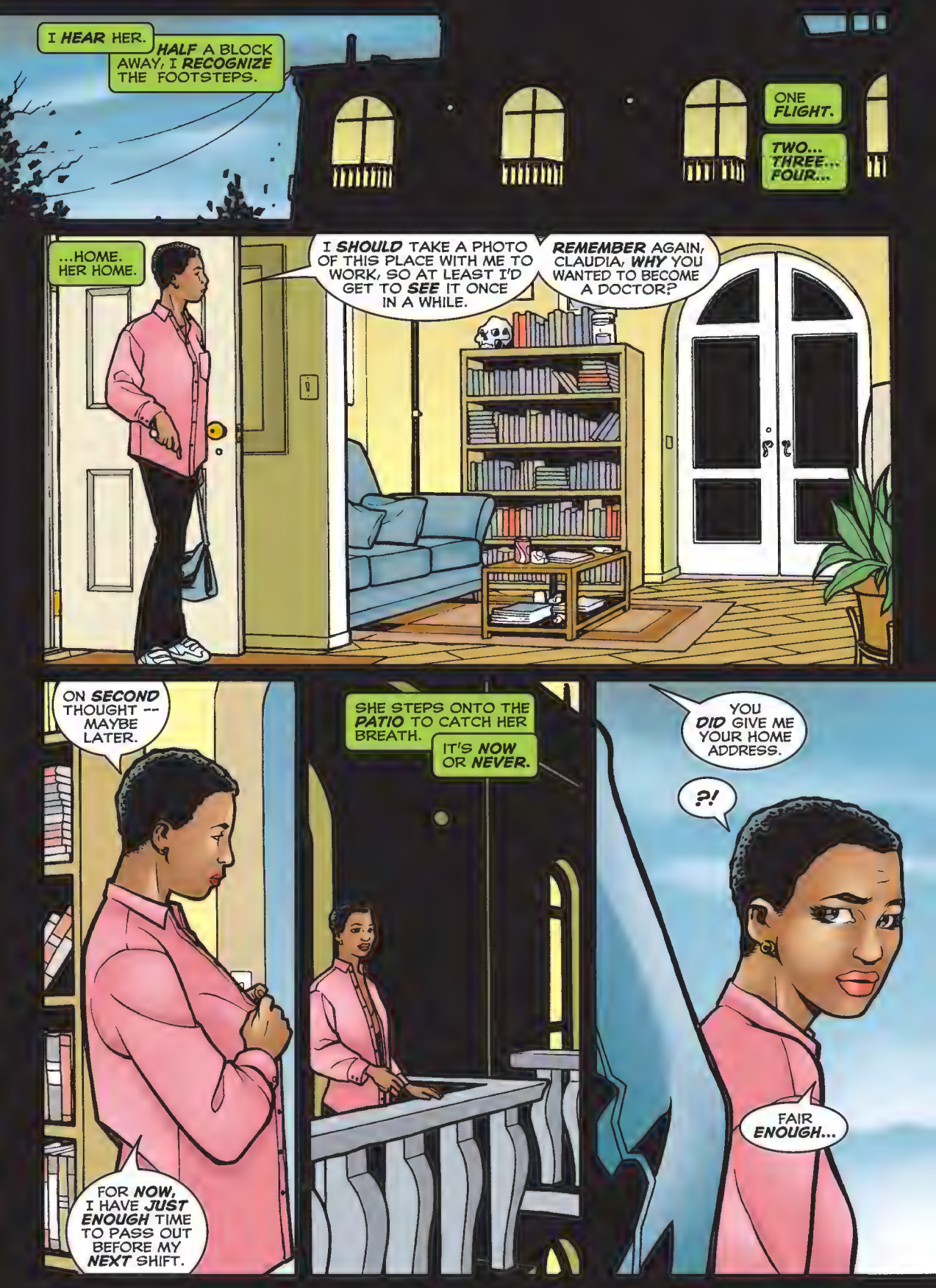
SOMEWHERE...
I HAVE TO ADMIT IT, I'VE NEVER BEEN A BIG FAN OF THE SO-CALLED "SUPER HEROES."
...BUT WHEN S.H.I.E.L.D. NEEDED SOMEONE TO GO DEEP UNDERCOVER IN ORDER TO PROTECT EXTREMELY DELICATE INTERNATIONAL INTERESTS, THIS DAREDEVIL GUY CAME THROUGH.
IMAGINE, HAVING YOUR ENTIRE BRAIN REPROGRAMMED WITH AN IDENTITY THAT'S NOT EVEN YOURS.
LOGISTICAL DIVISION

HE WAS MAKING A MAJOR SACRIFICE.
SURE, HE GETS HIS LIFE BACK WHEN THIS IS ALL OVER...
...BUT STILL.
I ONLY WISH I COULD HAVE TOLD HIM THE TRUTH.

BUT IF I CONFIDED IN ANYONE EXACTLY WHAT I WAS DOING --
-- OR WHY --
-- ALL OF S.H.I.E.L.D. WOULD HAVE SHUT ME DOWN IN A NEW YORK MINUTE.

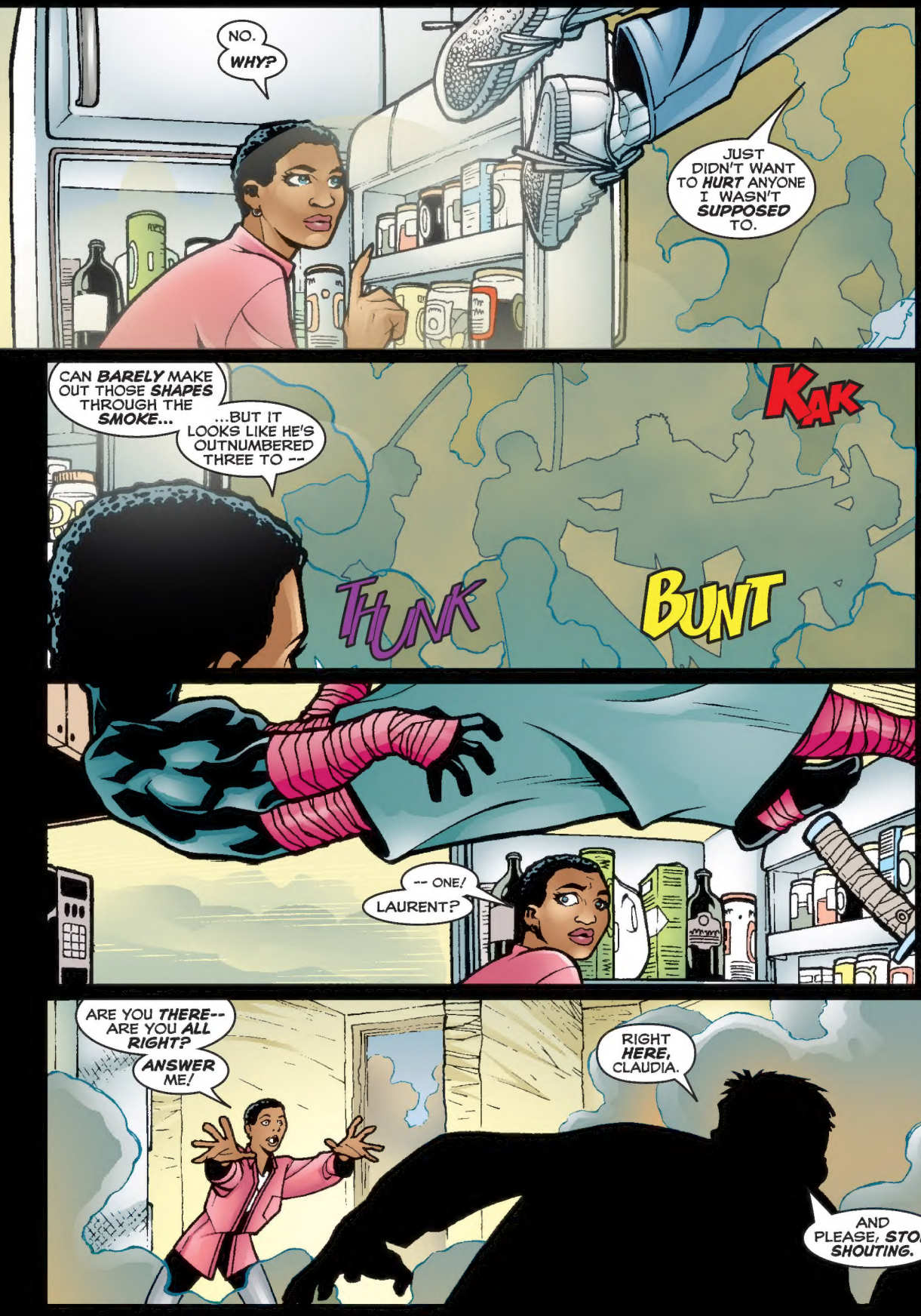

NIGHT, AGENT.
NIGHT, MAX.

WHEN THIS IS ALL OVER, I REALIZE I'M GOING TO HAVE TO LEAVE S.H.I.E.L.D.... ...HOPE I DON'T GET COURT-MARTIALED.
BUT UNTIL THEN, DAREDEVIL AND I ARE THE ONLY HUMAN BEINGS ON THE PLANET WHO KNOW WHO'S WORKING UNDERCOVER. AND EVEN HE DOESN'T --
WHA --?!
THAT TIRE ON THE TRUCK -- IT BLEW!
BAM
GET OUT OF THE WAY, BUDDY!
?!
SQUEE
PLEASE, STOP.
PLEASE.

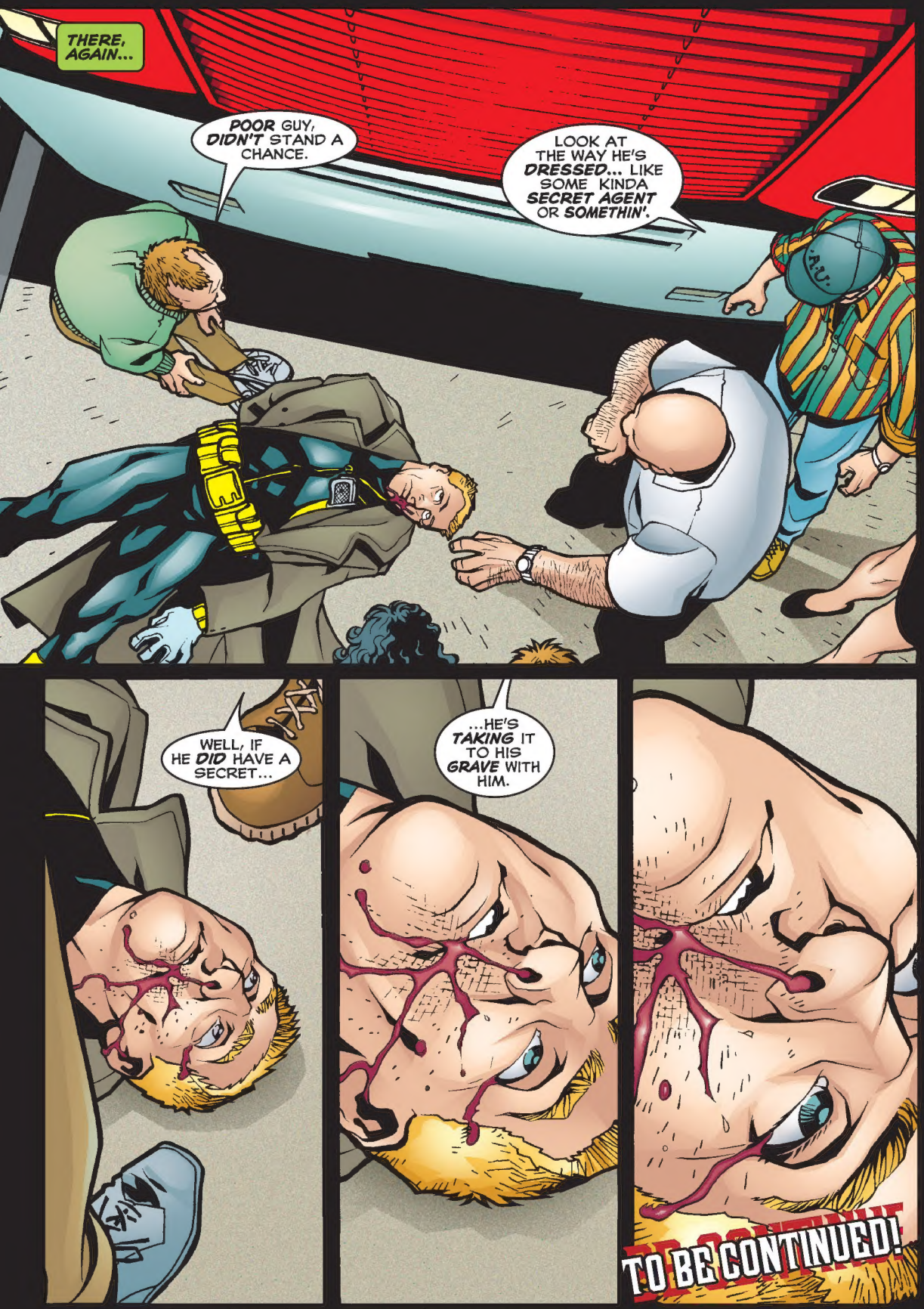

I HEAR HER.
HALF A BLOCK AWAY, I RECOGNIZE THE FOOTSTEPS.
ONE FLIGHT.
TWO... THREE... FOUR...
...HOME. HER HOME.
I SHOULD TAKE A PHOTO OF THIS PLACE WITH ME TO WORK, SO AT LEAST I'D GET TO SEE IT ONCE IN A WHILE.
REMEMBER AGAIN, CLAUDIA, WHY YOU WANTED TO BECOME A DOCTOR?
ON SECOND THOUGHT -- MAYBE LATER.
FOR NOW, I HAVE JUST ENOUGH TIME TO PASS OUT BEFORE MY NEXT SHIFT.
SHE STEPS ONTO THE PATIO TO CATCH HER BREATH.
IT'S NOW OR NEVER.
YOU DID GIVE ME YOUR HOME ADDRESS.
?!
FAIR ENOUGH...

...BUT IS THERE A REASON YOU CHOSE THE LEDGE TO MAKE YOUR ENTRANCE?
Hmmp.
NOT TOO CONVENTIONAL, eh?
NOT TOO, NO.
BUT I'M BEGINNING TO THINK OURS IS GOING TO BE A DECIDEDLY UNCONVENTIONAL RELATIONSHIP.
NOW COME INSIDE BEFORE YOU BREAK YOUR NECK.
SURE.
LISTEN, CLAUDIA, I KNOW I DON'T KNOW YOU VERY WELL...
...HECK, I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF I KNOW ME VERY WELL..
...BUT I NEED YOUR HELP.
WAIT. STOP. HOLD IT.
IS THAT A "NO"?
I JUST NEED A DRINK BEFORE I HEAR THIS. WANT ANYTHING?
CORDITE.
YOU WANT CORDITE, THE EXPLOSIVE?
NO, I SMELL IT...

MERCIFULLY, THE METAL DOOR FROM THE FRIDGE PROTECTS US FROM THE BRUNT OF THE EXPLOSION!
SOMEHOW -- MAYBE BECAUSE I WAS EXPECTING IT -- THE NOISE ISN'T AS DEAFENING AS I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT.
IT'S LIKE I CAN INSTINCTIVELY TUNE UP OR TUNE DOWN MY SENSES, LIKE A DIAL ON A RADIO.
STAY DOWN!
BARARA
BOOM
BUT... THIS?
THIS IS GOING TO TAKE SOME GETTING USED TO.
YOU SEE SOMETHING OUT THERE IN THE SMOKE?
NOT EXACTLY.
IT'S MORE LIKE I... SENSE... SOMETHING.
LIKE ONE PART OF MY BRAIN IS SENDING OUT RADAR SIGNALS --
-- AND ANOTHER PART IS INTERPRETING THOSE SIGNALS INTO IMAGES IN MY MIND.
AND NOT THE MOST WELCOME OF IMAGES EITHER.
CLAUDIA, WERE YOU EXPECTING COMPANY?


NO.
WHY?
JUST DIDN'T WANT TO HURT ANYONE I WASN'T SUPPOSED TO.
CAN BARELY MAKE OUT THOSE SHAPES THROUGH THE SMOKE...
...BUT IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S OUTNUMBERED THREE TO --
KAK
THUNK
BUNT
-- ONE!
LAURENT?
ARE YOU THERE-- ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
ANSWER ME!
RIGHT HERE, CLAUDIA.
AND PLEASE, STOP SHOUTING.

WHAT STARTED OUT AS A PLEASANT DISTRACTION IS GETTING WEIRDER AND WEIRDER.
THE TRUTH "LAURENT"-- WHO ARE YOU?
IF I KNEW... I'D TELL YOU.
BUT SOMETHING TELLS ME--
I REALIZE THAT I SHOULD BE NERVOUS... AFRAID EVEN.
-- WE'RE ABOUT TO FIND OUT!
BUT I'M NOT.
NOT EVEN A LITTLE.
FOR SOME REASON, IT FEELS LIKE I'M...
...A MAN WITHOUT FEAR.


THERE, AGAIN...
POOR GUY, DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE.
LOOK AT THE WAY HE'S DRESSED... LIKE SOME KINDA SECRET AGENT OR SOMETHIN'.
A.U.
WELL, IF HE DID HAVE A SECRET...
...HE'S TAKING IT TO HIS GRAVE WITH HIM.
TO BE CONTINUED!